

237 p. 11 m. 55  
9  
The Walk in the Fields.

Their father said he wanted Mary to know  
one field from another, so he would take them  
for a walk.

They came to a field where five or six cows were  
~~then~~ eating the grass, and some others were  
~~lying down~~ chewing the cud. Ned knew  
that this was a pasture field, so they  
went through it.

Mary did not know what chewing the cud  
meant, so her father told her ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> the cows  
were eating their dinner over again.

Then Mary wanted to go into a field where  
the grass was long & green; he ~~caused~~ <sup>because</sup> there  
were ~~many~~ <sup>many</sup> ~~white~~ <sup>white</sup> flowers in it.

But Ned knew better; he said that was a  
meadow now, and they must not tramp on  
the grass. Soon it would be cut down to make  
hay for the horses & cows to eat in the winter.

Then Mary remembered that she had  
helped to make hay last summer, and that  
there was a hay-stack near their house.

'Now then the grass in that field, father!'  
said Ned. That is not grass, my boy; it is  
~~grass~~ <sup>wheat</sup>.

By and by the corn will grow tall; and  
the ear will come, full of grains. When the  
corn gets yet low the grains are ripe, ready to  
be ground into flour.

Then it is harvest time; and the reapers cut  
down the yet low corn, and bind it up into  
sheaves.

## The Cow

Thank you, pretty cow, that feed  
 Me sweet milk to soak my bread,  
 Every morning and evening night,  
Milk & cream, and rich & sweet.

Do not chew the seeds & grain  
 Grow up then upon the bank,  
 But the yellow corn slips eat -  
 They will make it well & sweet.

When the pretty daisy grows,  
 When the clear out water flows,  
 When the grass is fresh & fine,  
 Pretty cow, as thou and thine.

Look a round the fields - look a round,  
 Flowers in all the fields a round;  
 Every room ing stream is bright,  
 All the orch and bees are white,  
 And each small & war ing short  
 Pro-mice sweet flowers & fruit.

## The Walk in the Town

Expt 10003

Their mother promised the children that they should go with her on the next Saturday when she took her butter & eggs to market.

It was a long way to the town, but the little ones with help on the donkey, and the big ones were able to walk.

They met a good many people going to the town, some with baskets of butter and eggs. (Like their mother) some with baskets of apples or pears: some with carts full of potatoes or turnips.

Their mother told them, <sup>that</sup> all these things were going to the market to be sold. Many people live in the town, and so, things grow in the country. So country people bring goods for the people in the town.

When they got into Bedford many <sup>new</sup> things were seen. There were no fields but long streets with houses on each side of the way. Soon they came to a street where there were many shops with big signs above. They stopped so long at the sign above of a toy shop that their mother <sup>thought</sup> they were lost.

The children were frightened, because there were so many people in the streets that they could not <sup>at first</sup> find their mother at first.

"I have counted six churches as already," said Fred, "and we have only one at home!" By and by they came to a large open place where the country people set up stalls, and waited to sell the things they had brought. This was the market.



## The Donkey

Edinburgh 12

Poor Donkey! I'll give him a hand ful of grass,  
I'm sure he's as honest, though stupid, old ass.  
He better be the man - but to carry the sack,  
And let me ride all the way home on his back,  
And only just stop by the delic for a minute  
To see if there's any fresh grass for him in it.

'Tis true, now ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup>, he has got a bad trick  
Of stand-ing <sup>clock</sup> ~~quite~~ still, & just byg ing is kick,  
But now poor old fellow! you know he can't tell  
That stand-ing clock-still is not using me well,  
For it never comes into his head, I dare say,  
To do his work first, & then afterwards play.

No, no, my good donkey, I'll give you some grass,  
For you know no better because you're an ass;  
But what little donkey some children must let  
Who stand very like you clock still at their feet.  
And waste every moment of time as it pass. -  
A great deal more stupid & silly than asses!  
Jane Taylor

## How Red found his way.

221 p. 5000013

The next Monday ~~their mother~~ <sup>again</sup> Mr. Brown asked Red if he could find his way to the town <sup>again</sup> because she wanted him to take some eggs to a lady who lived in High Street.

Now Red had been so busy looking at the people and carts & the houses they passed, that he had not thought much about the way.

So his mother di-rect-ed him; that is to say, she told him exactly how to find his way to Redford.

You must go, said she, straight along the high road until you come to a place where two roads meet. Take the one on your right hand, and go on till you come to a white inn called the Big Bull. Here there are two roads, & you must take the one to your left, which will lead you straight into the high street. The lady lives at number 32.

Red said these di-rect-ions over to his mother many times to make quite sure of them.

As he walked along the high road he said to himself: Where two roads meet, turn to the right. By the Big Bull turn to the left.

When he got to the big road he <sup>held</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>out</sup> what he called his whistling hand, and looked at the way it pointed. Red made <sup>no</sup> ~~no~~ <sup>mistake</sup>, but left his eggs at number 32, & <sup>then</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~found~~ <sup>found</sup> his way.

The Robin Redbreast

14

Two Robin Redbreasts built their nest-  
Within a hot low tree;  
The hen sat qui-et by at home,  
The cock sang mes-ri-ty,  
And all the little young ones said  
'wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee!'

One day (the sun was warrr and bright)  
And shin-ing in the sky)  
Cock Robin said, 'My little dear,  
'Tis time you learn to fly,'  
And all the little young ones said,  
'I'll try, I'll try, I'll try.'

I know a child, and who she is  
I'll tell you by and by,  
When another says, 'Do this, or 'That',  
She says 'What for?' and 'Why?'  
She'd be a better child by far,  
If she would say, 'I'll try.'

Aunt Ffies rhyme.



"Father's walk."

22/1/1885 15

When Mr Brown heard how Ned had found his way to Redford, he said: Now children, I will give you a puzzle-walk for your next half-holiday.

If you can find your way by my directions ~~I shall divide~~ you shall have this bag of nuts when you come back.

When you leave the house turn to your right, & go down the road until you pass a <sup>plantation</sup> ~~plantation~~ a gate painted a rose-bush in the garden; and a gate painted white.

Soon you will come to a stile on the left-hand side of the road. Get over it, and you are in a meadow full of big ox-eye daisies.

Keep in the path, and you will come to another stile, which leads you into a path through a turnip field.

On one side of this path there is a hedge where there are lots of big black berries. But boys and girls do not like black-berries, do they?

The children laugh at, and many said they <sup>or</sup> should take a can & a basket and bring them home to mother full of black-berries to make <sup>pies</sup> puddings of.

Off they set: but there were two stiles, one on the right hand, & the other on the left. Nobody could remember which father had said, so they took the stile on the right hand side. It led them through one ploughed field after another, they got no black berries, and when they got home there was no bag of nuts for them.

# Purdy Yach.

There was one little yach,  
Not very long back,  
And his name, to his last in Xi grad,

That he never was seen  
With his hands at all clean,  
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much heart  
To see so much dirt;  
And often and well did they scorn,

But all was in vain,  
How dirty again  
Before they had done it - and here

When to wash he was sent -  
He was well ing by words,  
With water to splash him very often.

But he kept the black streaks  
Running down both his cheeks,  
And made them look worse than before.

You want to know why,  
Like the pigs in their sty,  
He always was putting about:

Well, people have thought  
This fear the man right  
To be made with your legs & so on.

The idle and bad  
Many, like to his last,  
Do die by and black to be seen;  
But good boys are seen  
With hands and faces clean.

Al. thought they are so, so poor  
Yard Taylor.



## The Children's walk

221 p. 14. 17

Their father was sorry for the large littlefolk:  
so he said they should let him a peg-gle walk,  
& if he could find his way by his directions  
they should still have the bag of nuts.  
So they thought of a walk, and talk ed about  
it in whis-pers so that father & mother should  
not hear.

When Sat-ur-day af-ter-noon came, they set  
off. Mary was to keep count of the leaves they  
made, to the right or to the left. When they  
got home, this was what they told their father:

Go straight down this road until  
you come to the park lodge. A little way  
past the lodge, there is a little stile gate,  
which leads you into a wood.

And oh father, there are such heaps of prim-roses  
and blue-bells in the wood! We could not  
get little moss along: she would stop to  
gather more than her little hands would hold.

But there is a broad path through the middle  
of the wood, which you may must get-low. -

And we saw a rab-bit near a cross with his  
pen my last cock ed up; said little Dick. -

Well, Ned went on, when you come to the end of  
the wood, you cross a stile which leads you  
into a plough field. There are two foot paths  
through this field, & you must take the one  
to the right, which leads you through ~~the~~ land

~~these fields~~ ~~until you come out on the way road.~~  
So their father set off to find the way, & their mother went  
with him. The children watch ed at the stile gate, & long time  
out looking for the plough field, & the land path to the right could not find it.

John Barley-corn,

There went three kings into the East

Three kings both great and wise;

And they have sworn a solemn oath,

John Barley-corn shall die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,

But clouds upon his head;

And they have sworn a solemn oath

John Barley-corn is dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindlyn,

And showers began to fall;

John Barley-corn got up again,

And so surprised them all.

The sun lay sick of death and care,

And he grew thick and strong;

His head well wadded with pointed spears,

That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn entered mild,

And he grew warm and pale;

His bending joints and drooping head

Shewed he began to fail.

No colour sickened more and more,

He faded into age;

And then his enemies began

To show their deadly rage.

They took a weapon long and sharp

And cut him by the knee,

Then tied him fast upon a cart

Like a rogue for forger.

Keats.